

EARLY
DAYS OF
FORT
SCOTT.

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Citizens National Bank,
FORT SCOTT, KANSAS.

Christmas,
1899.



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C. W. GOODLANDER, PRESIDENT.

MEMOIRS AND RECOLLECTIONS

Of

Charles
C. W. GOODLANDER

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Of the

EARLY DAYS OF FORT SCOTT,

From April 29, 1858, to January 1, 1870, Covering
the time prior to the advent of the Railroad
and during the days of the ox-team
and stage transportation.

FORT SCOTT, KANSAS
MONITOR BOOK & PRINTING CO
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Dedicated to the Patrons of the Citizens National
Bank, of Fort Scott, Kansas.

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MEMOIRS AND RECOLLECTIONS EARLY DAYS OF FORT SCOTT.

I came from Pennsylvania to St. Louis, and then took a boat to Kansas City via Missouri River. Arriving at Kansas City on the evening of the 29th day of April, 1858, and taking my tool chest from the boat I put it up at the commission house of Crowell Bros., and then went to the Gillis Hotel situated on the levee, (the principal hotel in Kansas City at that time.) I remained there all night, and the next morning looked up the stage office, which was then located in the basement of what I now remember as the Watkins Bank building, at Second and Main streets, Kansas City. I learned that the stage line had only been established some two weeks, and was getting very few passengers. I engaged passage, for which I paid \$15.00, and found that I was the only passenger for Fort Scott. But I had one companion, a Mr. Squires, who was taking out express for the first time,—in fact, it was he who established the express line. The stage left the office about eight o'clock in the morning, and the route was along Main street to about Thirteenth street, where they crossed lots to Grand avenue. Kansas City, then, I judge, was a

town of some three thousand inhabitants, the principal business being on the levee and on Main street, where the City Hall is now located. Out on Grand avenue at about Thirteenth street, on the west side, I remember of seeing, at that time, the foundations for some eight business houses, and I think part of those foundations are still standing there just as they were then, as I remember seeing a relic of them only a few years ago. The East and West bottoms were covered with heavy timber, as were the hills on either side. Westport at that time showed more life than Kansas City. From Kansas City we went to Westport, and from Westport to Shawnee Mission, now Merriam.

A few miles beyond Shawnee Mission we struck the prairie and thereafter saw few settlements. At noon we stopped at a place called Squireville for dinner, which place consisted of one store, one house, blacksmith shop and stage stable. The dinner consisted of salt pork, beans, dried apples and coffee. Squireville, I think, was near where the town of Olathe is now situated. After leaving Squireville the settlements became more scattering. We reached Osawatomie in the evening and put up there for the night. We got an early start next morning and reached Moneka for dinner, a point some few miles north of the present Mound City. The dinner at Moneka was an improvement on that of Squireville, as they had some vegetables. By-the-way, the people who settled this town were vegetarians, and the women wore bloomer costumes. This town was about the same size as Squireville.

The stage rolled away from Moneka at early noon. The driver said he would get to Fort Scott at six o'clock. We crossed the Osage at a place called Rayville, and crossed the Marmaton at the old Military Ford at the mouth of Mill Creek. We came up into Fort Scott from the river bottom, about where National avenue now is, and from there on over to Fort Plaza, stopping at what was then known as the Free State Hotel, which was the building that 'Squire Margrave now occupies as a residence. As the stage rolled up all the occupants of the hotel were on the sidewalk to receive the new arrivals on the stage. There were two parties in the small crowd whom I knew before I came to Fort Scott,—they were George A. Crawford and William Gallaher. They soon made me acquainted and at home with the balance of the boys. The persons who were in the crowd to welcome new-comers were, I remember, George A. Crawford, William Gallaher, Ben. McDonald, Ed. Smith, Bill Bently, Charlie Bull, Burns Gordon, Charlie Dimon, Jim Jones, Tom Roberts, Ed. Bowen and Joe Ray. After congratulations were over Ray called me aside and says: "You appear to be a nice kind of a fellow, come along, and I will set up the drinks." I walked along with him, going down the sidewalk to the present row of buildings facing the Plaza, and then across to the house east of the present calaboose where a saloon was kept by a man named Head. On the way to the saloon Joe Ray felt around in his pockets and says: "By-the-way, I have no money, will you loan me a quarter?" I reached in my pocket, and brought out an old worn

quarter, which in those days was only worth $22\frac{1}{2}$ cents, and by-the-way, it was the only money I had left after paying my fare and expenses from Kansas City to Fort Scott, and handed it to him, not letting him know but that I had plenty of money. In after years when speaking to Joe about not paying me back the 25 cents, he would say "I passed the $22\frac{1}{2}$ cents on the saloon keeper for a quarter and he wanted to have me arrested," but he never did pay it back to me. Joe proved to be the wag of the town. From Head's saloon I went back to the hotel and became a full-fledged boarder. After getting my supper I made inquiry among the boys as to the prospects for my securing work at my trade. They said there was "not much going on, but I guess after you have been here a few days you will find something to do." This was not very encouraging to me, as I had to earn something, for I was dead broke. At bed-time George A. Crawford said: "You can sleep with me," and when we went to bed he said: "Here is a gun, lay it along side of you." I said: "What's that for?" "Oh," he says: "We may be attacked by the Jayhawkers before morning, and you must use it." "Well," I said, "as I am into it, I will do as the balance of you do."

The next morning I thought I would make myself acquainted with the town, and what the boys at the hotel did. I found that Col. Campbell was landlord of the hotel,—father of Albert Campbell. Wm. Gallaher was hotel clerk and postmaster. And, by-the-way, I think Gallaher started the first free mail delivery system in America, as he used to carry the letters around

in his hat, and as he met the boys gave them their letters. George A. Crawford was president of the Town Company, and Ben. McDonald and Ed. Smith had something to do with the Town Company, as Ed. was a surveyor and Ben his assistant to carry the ax and drive stakes. Ben. looked like the dude of the crowd, as he wore a Daniel Webster blue coat with brass buttons. Burns Gordon and Joe Ray clerked for Col. Wilson. Jim Jones was editor of the "Fort Scott Democrat," and Charlie Bull was boss printer. Bill Bentley had charge of the vantage game the boys played when not at work; the latter they did not do much of. A. R. Allison was the undertaker, Charles Dimon was the democratic politician, and Tom Roberts was the republican politician. These two did most of the talking,

My recollection of the town as it was when I came is, that the four officers' quarters now stand as they did the day I came. At the west end across from where 'Squire Margrave lives, was a one-story building, the ordnance building. At the other end of the row of the officers' quarters was a one-story building, where the Lyons property now stands, called the commissary building. Out on the bluff on the east was a corral for the live stock of the government. And on the side of the hill was a corn mill, operated by horse power. On the east side of the Plaza, where the Hawley houses now stands, were soldiers' quarters, and on the west side of the Plaza, where Brown's lumber yard now stands, were also soldiers' quarters. Where the Western Barn now stands a cavalry stable some two hundred feet long was

located. On the south side, in the rear of Dilworth's store, was another soldiers' quarters, and the building now occupied as the Mrs. Terry 'bus barn, was the hospital. And where the calaboose is now located was the guard house. Over the well on the Plaza was a fine canopy of Doric architecture, and on the Plaza opposite stood a brick and stone magazine. This completes my recollections of the fort as it was then.

As to what there was of Fort Scott at that time, outside of the fort, was the Town Company office, and printing office on the lot across the alley from Bamberger's, facing on what is at present Market street. Some two or three lots farther west on Market street was a one and a half story building owned by John S. Cawkins, an old bachelor, and further west on Market street, about where Prichard's store now stands, was a store building owned by Dr. Hill. This building fronted both on Market street and the Plaza. It was occupied as a general store. Still farther west was the bakery shop of Dutch Shubert,—about where O'Brien's harness shop is now. About where the Star Hotel stands, or did, was a double log-house occupied by H. T. Wilson as a store, which had been the sutler store of the post. On the corner of National avenue and First street, where the feed store now stands, stood what was called Fort Roach, a good-sized log-house. Diagonally across the street on the same lot that the Tribune building now occupies stood a house about half finished. The builders fell by the wayside for the want of funds. Out about where the Presbyterian church now stands was

what was known as the Government Field; where stands what is now called the Robley building, occupied by W.C. Gunn, was a blacksmith shop, belonging to a man named Kelley. Back and north of the post buildings was a log house in which 'Squire Margrave lived. This comprises all there was of the town west of Buck Run, except the saw mill put up by Alex. McDonald and Ed. Bowen, and it stood at about First and Ransom streets, on the East Side. The only building that I recollect as being over there then was a house somewhere near First and Margrave streets, occupied by Charles Haynes and family. This house had its sides as well as its roof shingled, and being a carpenter, my attention was drawn particularly to that fact. The only other house that I recollect of on the East Side, was occupied by a man by the name of Winfield, that stood about in the neighborhood of Engineer Fisher's house on Wall street. The ground between where the Tremont house stands and the bluff where Fishers's house is located, was densely covered with trees and underbrush. There was only a pathway from the Haynes house and the Winfield house to the west part of the town at that time.

Those who were then living here, as I recollect, besides the parties mentioned who were at the Free State Hotel, were Governor Ransom and family, Judge Joe Williams and family, Sam Williams and family, George W. Clark and family, C. H. Haynes and family, H. T. Wilson and family, 'Squire Margrave and family, T. W. Tallman and family, Dr. Couch and family, B. F. Riggins and family, Blake Little and family, Dr. Hill and family,

Dr. Bills and family, Old Roach and family, Jack Harris and family, 'Squire Bullock and family, Bill Linn, J. S. Cawkins, Solomon P. Hall, Kelley, the blacksmith, Ed. Wiggins, Dutch Shubert, the baker, Charles Osbun, Lawyer Simms and Old Funk, the fisherman.

As far as I can recollect the population was only increased during the year of 1858, by the following arrivals early in May: George Daniels, A. F. Bicking, Dick Phillips, all carpenters; also in the same month came Alex. McDonald and wife, (he had been here before, but went back for his family;) Uncle Billy Smith and family, Jake White, Bill Dennison, Saul Eaton, and in June came C. F. Drake, and later on Ed. Marble. As far as I can recollect this comprises the arrivals in 1858, after my arrival.

The politics of the inhabitants at that time was border ruffian, pro-slavery democrats, and free-state democrats. There were only two republicans, Tom Roberts and Old Roach. The free-state and pro-slavery democrats were about equal in numbers. The border ruffian element, some times here and some times away, was Ben. Hill, Brockett, Hamilton, Roof Roach and Joe Price. There were others, but I do not remember their names. Almost all the inhabitants lived in the old fort building, the soldiers' quarters on the south side of the square, in the rear of Dilworth's store. It was then called the Pro-Slavery hotel, and was kept by Jack Harris and Bill Linn. The foregoing comprise my recollections of Fort Scott and its inhabitants in 1859.

It was Thursday evening when I arrived at Fort Scott. On the next day I had a conversation with George A. Crawford, looking to my future welfare. He says: "Charlie, the first thing you do, pick out a claim, as all the boys have their claims." By-the-way, the land here had not been surveyed by the government, and was not until 1880. Some of the boys said they knew a claim that a party had taken, who had left the country. This claim was one-half mile west of the present Harmon Catt farm. The manner of taking a claim was to lay four logs in the form of a square. So I went out and moved the old logs some fifty feet and laid the new foundation, as we called it then, 'a new right to the land.' This foundation was supposed to hold the claim for a short time. And before this time run out, if you wanted to pre-empt the land you had to build a house or a shanty some ten or twelve feet square and make it your home, or call it your home, and live there for six months before you could use your pre-emption right. Before my foundation rights run out I had a load of lumber, mostly slabs, picked up at McDonald & Bowen's mills, hauled them out and made a bargain with A. F. Bicking to come out and help me build. I took my dinner with me and went out to build my shanty, but Bicking failed to keep his contract, and as I had no help I came away and never did build a shanty, or use my pre-emption right, and afterwards made up my mind that when the land sale came, later on, I would enter the land, as I found, that owing to the border ruffianism and Jayhawk troubles there was not likely to be many

people here to buy government land at the land sale, which came, I think, in 1860. In the meantime I had bought, by giving my note, of John Kaufman, of Milton, Pa., an old soldier of the War of 1812, a land warrant for 160 acres of land. So I paid for my 160 acres with this warrant, and at last got myself a farm, which was the height of my ambition when I left my Pennsylvania home. Well, as I had settled my claim on the 31st day of May, Saturday, I made inquiry for something to do. On Sunday J. S. Cawkins, who was then carrying the mail from here to Coffeechee, forty miles west on the Neosho river, said: "I am sick, and can't make the trip this week," and asked me to make the trip for him, and that he would furnish me a horse and sulky and pay me \$5.00 for the trip, which I could make in two days. I jumped at the offer. So on Monday, May 2d, I started out with an old roan horse, rope harness and an old sulky. I was told to stop at Turkey Creek, near where Uniontown now stands, and have the postmaster there take the mail-bag and get what mail there was in the postoffice. I drove up about noon and saw a woman washing and asked her if the postmaster was in. She says: "I will attend to it." She opened the mail bag and behold, all the mail there was in the bag was one copy of Horace Greeley's New York Tribune, and it was for the postmaster at Coffeechee.

After leaving Turkey Creek I had some twenty miles to make. Some six or eight miles west of Turkey Creek the roads forked, one road led to Le Roy, the other to Coffeechee. When I got a mile west of the forks of the

road my old horse balked and would not go any farther. So I thought I would let him graze awhile and likely then he would go on. I laid down on a gopher hill for about an hour, and then tried to get him to go, but he would not move. I was in a dilemma, not knowing what to do. I turned the horse around with his head toward Turkey Creek to see if he would go that direction, and found he would. As it was getting late and having some fifteen miles yet to make to reach Coffeechee, and fearing that I would have to lay out all night on the wild prairie, I decided to go back to Turkey Creek and stay all night and take a new start in the morning. I started my horse and jumped in and the old horse went back as though he enjoyed it, showing that he would rather go east than west. I reached Turkey Creek, and the postmaster whom I stopped with says, "What is the matter?" and I said "My horse would not go west and I came to stay with you tonight and make a new start in the morning." In the morning I says to the postmaster: "Will you please keep my horse until I return?" "Why, boy, what do you mean?" he says. "I says: "I won't be bothered any more with that horse, as he does not like to go west; I will take the mail bag and foot it to Coffeechee; I've got the whole day before me, and horse or no horse, I'm bound to carry this mail according to contract." "Oh," he says, "You are foolish; take the horse and try it again." And he persuaded me to do so. I did, but behold! when I got to the same gopher hill the old horse stopped again. The point where he stopped was just at the foot of a

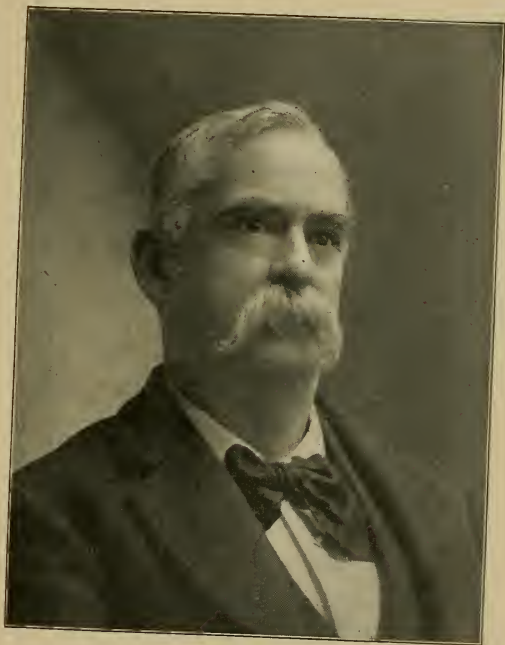
hill on the prairie, so I took hold of the bridle and finding that he would lead, lead him up the hill, and when it commenced going down on the other side, I started him off on a walk and jumped in the rear of the sulky so he could not see me, and away he went without any more trouble. Reaching Coffeetree about five o'clock dry and hungry, I drove up to the hotel—store—dwelling house and postoffice all combined, and handed the postmaster the mailbag, feeling proud that I had so far finished my contract. All there was of Coffeetree was a hotel, store building and the universal blacksmith shop, and I guess, a small house or two. The usual loungers' flat rail was found in front of the hotel. After supper as I was sitting on this rail, a man rode up on a horse, tied him to this rail and went into the store. He had not been gone ten minutes before another man came up, unhitched the horse, and rode him off east. I thought there was nothing peculiar in the incident until a few minutes later, when the man who tied the horse to the rail came out and said: "Young man, where is my horse?" "There he goes," I says, pointing east; "I guess one of your friends is playing a joke on you." He ripped out an oath and said a thief was stealing his horse. He fussed around and got another horse and started away after his horse. I began to think I had got into a hard country. And as I had a pistol which I had borrowed from Ben McDonald, (never having carried a pistol before or since), I went down on the banks of the Neosho river to practice. On my return to the hotel I found that the fellow who had gone off after his

horse had come back and claimed that the thief had got away, and showed a fresh hole in the horse's ear, saying that the thief had shot at him and that he had had a close call. The following fall I met a party from Coffeechee and told him the horse thief incident. "Oh, I will explain that," he says, "There was a gang of horse thieves stealing horses from the Verdigris river country and the program was for one man to ride a horse into a town the same way this happened, where another of the gang would be on hand to ride him away as the fellow did at Coffeechee."

I left Coffeechee next morning, Wednesday, and as my horse liked going east better than going west, I got back to Fort Scott Wednesday night with my face all blistered up by the sun, as I wore an oil-cloth glazed cap, having expended \$2.50 for expense, I had \$2.50 left, the first money I had earned in Kansas. At this time there were no settlements between here and the Neosho river, except Turkey Creek. When I returned to Fort Scott the United States court was in session, and Jim Jones acting, as marshal, summoned me as a jurymen. Judge Joe Williams held United States court here twice a year. And as the jurymen summoned from a distance hardly ever came, it was a soft snap for the boys each spring and fall to get to be jurymen and draw two dollars a day. The principal business of the court was Indian business. As the court held eleven days I got \$22.00 paid in scrip. This I turned over to Col. Campbell to pay for board. So the first money I earned in Kansas was from the government crib.

I now looked around for something to do at my trade. William Gallaher concluded to move the post-office from the hotel to the first story of the Town Company building. I made arrangements with him at \$3.00 per day to fix up the office. That gave me a job for ten days. I carried the lumber for the work from the saw mill on my back. I made the boxes of walnut lumber, as that was the best we had in those days for that kind of work. To get lumber suitable to make a batton door which was needed in the building, I had to use six different kinds of lumber. After the postoffice was fitted up Gallaher and I slept there for some months during the summer of 1858. All we had for bed clothes were the mail bags and a sheet or two. When the sheets got dirty we burned them instead of getting them washed. After getting the postoffice work finished I picked up odd jobs for a while.

In June I commenced to build myself a shop and called myself a full fledged contractor. This shop was built where the building now stands which is occupied by Hurst & Co.'s poultry business, on Scott avenue. About this time Ben McDonald and Al. Campbell, capitalists, concluded to build a house and contracted with me to boss the job at \$3.00 a day,—and they were to be the helpers. This house was built where the present Hill block is, and at that time was away out on cheap lots, and you bet it was a cheap house. Al. Campbell made the shingles for the house. McDonald & Campbell were both very crude carpenters. Ben did not like the



C. H. OSBUN, VICE-PRESIDENT

idea of getting on a scaffold, and he proposed he would cut the siding while I nailed it on. Ben was a great fellow to shirk hard work or danger.

The next job I got was a contract to build a house for Dr. Bills, with whom I boarded at this time. I was to take my pay in board and fruit trees, which I was going to put on my claim. The house was built on a lot where the Lotterer building now stands and is now occupied by Cheap Charley. Later years Charley Drake moved the house to the lot where the building occupied by Randolph's store now stands, and Drake lived there until he built his present home.

In the fall of the year I contracted to build what was then considered a large building for Ben. Riggins for a store house, on the lot where the present McCord building now stands, corner of Market street and Lincoln avenue. This was a full two-story building 18x60; and my profits on this job made me feel as though I was on a fair way to riches. To make the sash doors for the front I had some old walnut columns which were left from the fort buildings, taken to the saw mill and made into two-inch lumber. I finished this building in December. To the best of my recollection the buildings here mentioned were all that were built in 1858, except the house which Uncle Billy Smith built for himself at the corner of Scott avenue and First street, where Bearman's Mattress factory is now located.

Incidents that occurred to my recollection during the year 1858, in Fort Scott, were as follows: The day before I came the border ruffian crowd ordered George

A. Crawford, William Gallaher and Charley Dimon free state democrats, to leave town under penalty of death if they did not. They did not leave, nor did they get killed. The same crowd of border ruffians, after the Marias des Cygne massacre in Linn County, (which occurred a short time after my arrival,) in which there was every reason to believe they took part, left the country for the country's good. There were continual rumors that the Jayhawkers were coming to burn the town. One Sunday, I think it was in June, a crowd of some sixty men, headed by John Hamilton, no relation to the border ruffian Hamilton, came rushing across the Plaza to General Clark's house, which is now known as the Blair house, to arrest said Clark,—for what cause I do not remember. At that time there was a battery company commanded by Lieutenant Finch, camped about the south side of Market Square. Lieutenant Finch interfered with the crowd and took General Clark from them and said he would be responsible for him. General Clark was the receiver of the United States land office and claimed the protection of the government troops. The crowd left town without any more demonstrations.

A few days after this Sunday raid we received word from the Jayhawkers to meet at Rayville on the Osage to attend a meeting of the citizens of Bourbon county to try and adjust the troubles that were going on. All the free state boys that were here and who could get a horse to ride, under the leadership of Jim Jones, went up there, and met quite a crowd. Jones was the spokes-

man for our side, and Montgomery for the other side, assisted by a large blacksmith,—don't remember his name,—who had more to say than Montgomery did. The Montgomery party beat us on every vote that was taken on motions and resolutions proposed. The vote was taken by the crowd dividing. We were outvoted three to one, so we left without anything being accomplished to settle the trouble, and we rode home feeling that we had done our duty.

About a month after this meeting at Rayville Governor Denver came to Fort Scott to see if he could not quiet the troubles in this county. He had given notice of his coming and most all the settlers of the county came to attend the meeting. Denver, after making quite a conciliatory speech, asked all the old county officers to resign and have the people select who they wanted for office in their place. He then appointed the parties selected by the people for office, and after his return to LeCompton, then the state capital, sent them their commissions. This was called the "Denver Compromise," but this compromise did not last long, as the following incidents prove that the Jayhawkers were still alive and full of mischief.

Later on in the summer Montgomery's gang ran a load of hay up against the west side of the Pro-Slavery hotel and then to keep any one from extinguishing the fire kept up a continual firing at it until it burned up. The siding of the building being thick oak lumber, the hay outside burned up so quickly that it did not set the building on fire. Montgomery's men fired from long

range with their Sharp rifles from a point west of the Star hotel, where there was a lot of timber to conceal them, but left immediately after the hay burned up.

In July, 1858, while I was building my shop, and before it was completed, I had a shed at one side to work under and had got an order to make a coffin among other odd jobs that I had to do. This coffin was for a man by the name of Hart. I made the coffin of green walnut lumber and covered it with alapaca. In those days this was considered a fine job. I had stood the coffin up against the side of my shop. That night there came up a terrible thunder storm, and about midnight, thinking the coffin I had made might blow over and roll out from under the shed and get wet, and that I would have to re-cover it, to save it, and determined to see if the coffin was safe, I went boldly down to the shop. It was so dark I could only see when it lightened and upon arrival found the coffin had, as I feared, blown over and only got there in time to save it. It being very heavy it was just as much as I could do to get it into a safe position. While there, all I thought of was to save my work, but when I got through and started away the situation flashed on my mind, and I became so frightened and shook so I could hardly walk to my room.

When I came to Fort Scott the Osage Indian tribe was located at Osage Mission, now St. Paul, some thirty-eight miles southwest from Fort Scott. The summer of '58, members of that tribe used to come to Fort Scott to sell their ponies and robes and do their

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trading. They would close out their stock at so many buttons, each button representing one dollar in money, then they would buy what goods they wanted at one dollar's worth at the time until they had traded up all the bullion they had got for their ponies and robes. The bucks were fine specimens of large, healthy looking fellows; the squaws not so imposing looking as the bucks, but did all the work of taking charge of the goods and packing the ponies. The young bucks, or sports of the tribe, were pretty lively at times—especially when they get hold of fire-water. They were inveterate gamblers. I have seen them sitting on the banks of the Marmaton, playing poker, using tobacco, jack knives, belts, beads or any other article they might possess as stakes. Several times during the years 1858 to 1860, the Osages came and gave us their Indian dances on the Fort parade, which is now called the Plaza. It was not long until a lot of our boys became expert Indian dancers, and at some of our jubilees, especially after fire-water had flown freely, went through all the phases of the Indian dance. They could discount the Indians, especially as to the length of time dancing. Bill Norway, Ken Williams and myself were generally the leaders in these Indian dances, and George Clark beat the tom tom. These dances were held quite frequently, especially for the tender-feet that came among us.

The first church service I knew of being held in Fort Scott was in the spring of '58. A Southern Methodist circuit rider used to hold services occasionally in

the old hospital building. One night I was at church, the room was well crowded, especially the front part of the room. Col. Arnett, the father of Mrs. Kendall and Jack Arnett, as most the old settlers remember, got up in the rear of the room and said: "You'ns in front revert back here where there is more room." It was but a few moments after the old Colonel made this remark that he dropped dead from heart failure. This incident broke up the meeting. Of course there was a chaplain in the army whom we used to hear preach occasionally.

The families of Ransom, Clark, Haynes and Campbell, being of the Episcopal faith, and Chaplain Reynolds of the army being an Episcopal clergyman, decided to organize an Episcopal church that summer. This, I think, was the first church organized here, aside from the South Methodist, which was in existence at the time. A few months later Aunt Jane Smith, Mrs. Jewell, and a few other ladies and one lone man, J. S. Cawkins, an old bachelor, organized the Presbyterian church. The hospital building was used for different church services until later years.

Chaplain Reynolds in organizing the Episcopal church took George Clark, Willis Ransom, C. H. Haynes, Ben McDonald and myself, to make the five vestrymen needed to organize the church. We met in the old land office building, and as we came out we met Solomon P. Hall sitting on the steps of the land office. He said: "Boys, been having a game?" "No," said Willis Ransom; "We have just organized an Episcopal church and us five are vestrymen." Hall said: "You are a hell

of a set to start a church; you are better suited to run a saloon or variety show." I served as a vestryman, I think, from 1858 'til about 1863, when they put me out and put E. M. Hulett in my place, (and by-the-way, I never considered Hulett much of an improvement over myself.) In the early days of the Episcopal church Mrs. C. H. Haynes took the lead the same as she does at the present time, and Aunt Jane Smith was the leader of the Presbyterian church. I suppose owing to the character of the first vestry Joe Ray and Jack White used to call it the "Whiskeypalian church."

As to lodges—there was when I came here only the Masonic lodge in existence, and it did not do much toward getting new members until the year '60 and '61. I took the first degree in February, 1861, and before they held another meeting the war broke out, and the lodge did not meet again until after the war, when Charley Van Fossen, Sheriff Wheaton, and some more kindred spirits run it for all it was worth. I never had any desire to go any farther into the mysteries of Masonry. The Odd Fellows lodge, I think, was organized in the year 1866. John Crow, S. A. Williams, Shannon, and some others, I think, organized the lodge here. In 1866, I, with C. H. Osbun and John G. Stewart, took the first degree in the lodge; but I never went further. I found I had enough business to attend to, both day and night, without wasting any of my time with lodge affairs. So the only lodges or secret societies of which I have been a full fledged member was The Sons of Malta, in 1860, and the Hoo-Hoo of the present day.

There was a vigilance committee in the country during the fall of 1858, and some time late in the fall they arrested a man by the name of Ben Rice. He stole 'Squire Redfield's horse over in Missouri. some ten miles east of Fort Scott, and brought it to Kansas. Rice was caught with the horse in his possession, and was locked up in the Free State hotel where he was held as a prisoner. On the morning of the 16th day of December, 1858, at day-break, about one hundred men belonging to the Jayhawker gang under Brown, Montgomery and Jenison, came in and released Ben Rice, robbed Blake Little's store, killed his son, John Little, and fired on other parties promiscuously. They ordered breakfast at the Pro-Slavery hotel and then were afraid to eat it for fear of poison. The night before they came in they camped at Hell's Bend on the Marmaton and held a conference as to who should be leader, Brown, Montgomery or Jenison, and they selected Montgomery. This selection was a good thing for Fort Scott for if Brown had been leader he would have burned the town, being very vindictive, and Jenison would have robbed everybody, as that was his part. Montgomery was a very strong abolitionist, but strictly honest in his views, cool in behavior, and had good control of his men. Jenison was along and did some big stealing on his own hook. Brown would not come along because he could not be in command, but the same parties that were hung with Brown at Harper's Ferry, in Virginia, were with him here and did some loud talking, and said the time was not far distant when they would see Missouri overrun

with blood. Their prophecy was not long in coming true,—a few years later. At the time of the above raid I was boarding with Alex. McDonald, who lived in the west end of what was called the Blair house on the Plaza, and was sleeping in the parlor in the front of the house. Hearing a noise I looked out and saw parties arresting Governor Ransom. He lived in the east end of the same house. I awakened Alex. McDonald and Ben. McDonald and Jack White who slept up stairs. I told Alex. what was going on and he thereupon opened the front door to look out; he had no more than done so when a party behind a tree, in front of the house, said to him: "Surrender!" Alex. said, "Be damned if I do;" and stepped in and closed the door. As he done so, the party put a Sharp's rifle ball through the center of the door, but as Alex. had stepped to one side of the door the ball did not hit him. I was standing at the time in the door leading from the parlor to the hall. The bullet struck the hard studding of the partition and rebounded and fell on the floor of the hall. The party that shot at McDonald returned to the crowd and remarked that he "had plugged one border ruffian." This party proved afterwards to have been Col. Jenison. After this shooting I looked towards the Free State hotel and saw a great crowd there; so Ben, Jack and I concluded to go down and see what was going on. When we got there we walked right into the crowd and the first thing we knew we were among a lot of the Fort Scott boys who were surrounded by a lot of Jayhawkers with their Sharp's rifles. Bill Bentley and Bill Dennison, said,

"Boys, I guess you are prisoners with the balance of us." I said, "I guess not," and remarked to Ben and Jack, "Let's go back to the house." We started, but the Jayhawkers stopped Ben. and Jack, but did not stop me. The Jayhawkers shot at different parties that morning, among others a man by the name of Ed. Marble, going across the Plaza, they battered away at him, but did not hit him. This caused Joe Ray to make the remark that the Jayhawkers were very playful that morning, as they were shooting at Marbles on the Plaza. This wound up the Jayhawk troubles for 1858. At this time all the citizens of Fort Scott were either pro-slavery or free state democrats, except Tom Roberts and Old Roach, who being the only republicans, naturally were quite intimate. Roach and his wife used to quarrel a great deal, and one time Roberts fixed up a compromise between them, but it did not last long, as one morning Old Roach came over to the hotel all covered with blood and some of the boys said, "Roach, what is the matter?" and he said: "The old woman hit me over the head with a rolling pin," which was the effect of misplaced confidence in Tom Roberts' compromise. Mrs. Roach and her daughter were the washerwomen for all of us boys. We used to mark our shirts with a stitch of different colored thread. Fort Roach, as we used to call the house the Roach family lived in, was a resort for the boys where they danced on the puncheon floor. Roach and his family were from Posey county, Indiana, and the music at the dance was generally to the tune of 'Hell on the Wabash.'

About all the people who were here in 1858, when I came who are now living, are our present citizens 'Squire Margrave, Mrs. Mary Brumbley, C. F. Drake, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Haynes, Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Tallman, Mrs. Dr. Couch, Mrs. C. W. Goodlander (nee) Wilson, C. H. Osbun, Mrs. T. F. Robley (nee) Wilson, Mrs. S. A. Williams, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Campbell, E. L. Marble, B. P. McDonald; and to my knowledge others now living are Alex. McDonald, of New York, Jim Jones, of New York, Ed. Smith, of California, and Bill Dennison, of Vernon county, Mo., Tom Roberts, of Ohio, George Clark of Toledo, Charley Bull, of White Oaks, N. M., Bill Linn, of Wichita Falls, Texas.

As Marshal Little had been killed in the Jayhawk raid of December 16th, 1858, Col. Campbell was appointed United States marshal for this place. So the fore part of January, 1859, he organized three marshal's posses with John Hamilton, Alex. McDonald and himself as captains. This was done by order of the government, thinking it would be the most effective way to keep quiet in this territory. John Hamilton had been first sargeant in the regular army and was well posted in military tactics, and he used to put us through the drill on the fort parade ground. There was a guard posted at three different points at night, one east of the fort grounds and one west, and one at what was called Fort Roach, where the Roach family lived, which is now the northwest corner of National avenue and First street. This at that time was considered a great distance out and most of us did not like to be sent to that

post. The upstairs of the old hospital building was used as guard house, where those that were not out on guard would keep up a pretty lively time at night. One night there was an alarm about eleven o'clock that the Jayhawkers were crossing at the Military ford, near the mouth of Mill Creek. Captain McDonald was ordered to take his company down there. At that time there was a road in the bottom, to the fort, through a dense timber and undergrowth, so that you could not see twenty feet from the road. I was a member of McDonald's company, and when we came near the ford we heard some parties on the bank of the river. As we marched up toward the party McDonald, in a loud military demand said, "Who is there, friend or foe?" when lo, and behold it was nothing but an old couple camped for the night, and Captain McDonald's demand scared them from their peaceful slumbers. McDonald marched his company back and reported to Marshal Campbell that all was quiet on the Marmaton. This marshal's organization was kept up during the winter and summer of 1859. During the same time there was a vigilance committee kept up in the county. Early in the fall between the marshal's posse in town and the vigilance committee in the country there were several parties who were arrested for horse stealing. Marshal Campbell ordered them to be taken to Lawrence under guard selected from Captain Hamilton's and Captain McDonald's companies. Capt. Hamilton and Capt. McDonald were ordered to take charge of said guard while Marshal Campbell took charge of what was left of both

companies to protect the town in the absence of Hamilton and McDonald. All went well with Capt. Hamilton and party till they reached the Waukarusha bottom south of Lawrence, when Jim Lane, who had been informed of the coming of this posse and prisoners, raised the cry that the notorious border ruffian Hamilton, was coming with free state men prisoners. and he, Lane, raised a mob and went out and met Hamilton and his guard at the edge of town, and released the prisoners and marched Capts. Hamilton and McDonald and their men into Lawrence as prisoners. It was soon explained and Lane ordered Hamilton and party released and they came home quite crestfallen. This was the end of the marshal's posse, as at this time there was a company of United States regulars sent here to back up Marshal Campbell.

April 18th, 1859, was the first city election. Joe Ray was elected mayor for two years; Alex. McDonald was elected treasurer; Sam Williams clerk; Uncle Billy Smith and two others, councilmen,—I don't remember their names,—Charley Bull, marshal. Ray, during his term of office, pre-empted the land that was subsequently used for the Fort Scott town site, for the town company. During Joe's term of mayorship in the summer of '59, Col. Jim Lane came here to make a speech on the ruling troubles of the times, and a meeting was called, and Joe, being mayor, we claimed it was his place to introduce Jim Lane. Now, Joe disliked Lane so much that it was a bitter pill for Joe to swallow. The meeting was called in front of the land office, a building that stood

where Brown's lumber yard is now located. There was a large two-story porch in front of said building, and this porch was crowded with people, and a large crowd on the ground in front of the building. Joe being of a very timid nature and being very much confused in his position, of chairman, and intending to advise some of the people to leave the porch, he blunderingly reversed what he intended by remarking, "There being so many on the ground some of you will please come upon the porch where there is more room." This started the people to laughter, and confused him more, and again gathering courage, and just as he started to make his speech introducing the speaker, Jim Lane, a large mule, attached to a wagon near by, made an unearthly bray; this again upset Joe, and when the mule had finished he said: "Mr. Mule, if you wish to monopolize this meeting, I think you are more suitable than I am to introduce the honorable gent., so I will retire in your favor." This was the outcome of Joe's first attempt as mayor to introduce a speaker. As I have said before, Joe was the wag of the town. He made a great many witty remarks and committed a great many blunders.

There was more or less building during the year of 1859, and the number of inhabitants increased. I built that year a large house for Ben. Riggin on a farm east of town, Later, Dr. Couch bought this farm, and I think the Widow Couch lives now in this same house. The same year I built a store house for Alex. McDonald on the corner of Wall street and Scott avenue, where Nelson & Weedon's grocery how stands. The latter part

of '59 and the early part of '60 Col. Wilson had a large store built about where John Glunz's building now is, and 'Squire Margrave built a building for saloon purposes about where Åronson's store now is. This was the first building built for a saloon and sporting purposes in the town. The front part was used as a saloon and the rear part for the "national game." The first keg beer that was brought to Fort Scott was distributed to the boys from Margrave's saloon and was the great event of the day. In the summer of 1860, when the winds were so hot you had to get in a room and close the doors to keep cool, we mostly selected Margrave's saloon for this purpose and filled up on cold beer. The drouth of 1860 has passed into history as all know. As a sample of it I will say the water in the Marmaton did not run over the fording places for eighteen months. About the only thing that grew, to my knowledge, was sorghum cane,—about the only crop that season, except some rattle snakes, I raised on my claim. I had planted several acres of potatoes that spring and about the time I thought there should be some potatoes I was going past the place with Dr. Redfield on his way home from seeing a patient from Drywood. I said, "Doc, come let's get a good mess of potatoes. We opened up a half dozen hills and we found in three of the hills each a rattlesnake, and in the others we found nothing. My potato crop was a failure. Dr. Redfield was somewhat like my friend Aikman. When he went to see a patient in the country he always liked to call some one to go as company.

The year 1859 brought quite a number of good citizens to Fort Scott, about all free state democrats. Among the arrivals in '59 were General Blair and family, Robert Stewart and family, Mr. Jenkins and family and Wm. Dorey, and numerous others whom I do not now remember. Fort Scott by this time was getting to be quite a society place, as the following invitations to a cotillion party July 22, 1859, and New Year's ball in January, 1860, will show:

COTILLION PARTY.

MISS ELIZABETH WILSON:

The pleasure of your company is respectfully solicited to attend a Cotillion Party at the Western hotel, Messrs. Linn & Harris, proprietors, Fort Scott, K. T., on Friday evening, July 22d, 1859.

INVITATION COMMITTEE.

Burns Gordon,	J. W. Buchanan,
J. J. Farley,	L. A. McCord,
E. A. Smith,	W. C. Dennison,
B. P. McDonald,	A. H. Campbell.

MANAGERS.

E. W. Finch,	Joe Ray,
John Dillon,	A. R. Allison,
C. F. Drake,	C. W. Goodlander.

MUSICIANS.

Messrs. Mottram & Gee.



C. B. McDONALD, CASHIER

NEW YEAR'S BALL.

MISS E. C. WILSON:

The pleasure of your company is respectfully solicited to attend a New Year's ball, at the Western hotel, Fort Scott, K. T., W. I. Linn. proprietor, on Monday evening, January 2nd, 1860.

COMMITTEE ON INVITATION.

Joseph Ray,	B. P. McDonald,
C. F. Drake,	John Dillon,
H. Harkness,	W. C. Dennison,
Isaac Stadden,	John Denton,
Moses Fisk,	Jos. Custard,
J. M. Hoffnagle,	W. H. Norway.

COMMITTEE ON ARRANGEMENTS.

A. J. Waterhouse,	R. L. Phillips,
Wm. Bentley,	J. W. Buchanan,
T. M. Williams,	Wm. Judson,
C. W. Goodlander,	Jos. Williams,
A. R. Allison.	

FLOOR MANAGERS.

E. W. Finch,	S. B. Gordon,
Wm. Gallaher,	E. A. Smith,
Chas. Bull,	Chas. Dimon,

Music by the "Fort Scott Quadrille Band."

These invitations are fac-similes, now in the hands of my wife, preserved by her as her first invitations to a dance, at the age of ten years. These two parties were

the first public dances held in Fort Scott. At that time a girl of ten years and a grandmother of eighty was eligible to be invited to a ball, in order to equal the number of the opposite sex.

In 1860 I built a residence for Alex. McDonald on a lot where the Union block now stands. This was the first residence built of any pretensions, outside of the government quarters and at that time was considered the palace of Fort Scott. Alex. made this residence a welcome place for all his friends, and many lively times were had there within its walls. New Year's calls in those days was quite a fad, and what few families were here always kept open house. This house of Alex's is the one where a lot of us were calling on New Year's day, when a young tinner by trade, now a staid banker of Fort Scott, rode his horse up the steps and into the dining room, took his drink from the hostess on horse-back, rode around the table and out the same way he came in and did no damage to glassware or anything else. He claimed that John Robinson, circus rider, was not in it with him.

These New Year's calls in Fort Scott, in those days, were hard to beat for genuine hospitality, and were well kept up until the close of the war. In those days there were no cranks to dictate to the majority what they should do. Everybody was honest and paid their debts, and did as they thought best.

The late fall of '59 was very quiet as regards Jayhawk troubles, and as we needed some excitement and amusement Willis Ransom, Salmon P. Hall and George

Clark, proposed to establish the Sons of Malta Lodge, which at that time and previous thereto in New York and eastern cities was quite a rage. Willis Ransom had secured one of the rituals of the lodge, so in November, 1859, Willis Ransom, Salmon P. Hall, George Clark, a lawyer by the name of Simms, B. P. McDonald, William Gallaher and myself, making seven in number, necessary for charter members, perfected an organization. This lodge was kept up until April, 1860, when we had succeeded in initiating about every man that was in town. At the closing up they had a torch-light procession and marched around the fort parade ground several times, each member carrying a roll of paper, and then marched to the center of the parade ground and after a speech by Willis Ransom, who was the grand master, explaining that the object of the lodge had been accomplished, and for fear the outside world might get hold of the records, they would now burn them, he touched a match to his roll and threw it on the ground and all the balance in solemnity marched around and threw their rolls into the fire and the records were destroyed. They then marched back to the hall and finished up with a dance, where the ladies, young and old, were to meet us after the burning of the records. All members of the lodge wore black dominones, and the dance was a big success. The dances were generally plain quadrilles to the tunes of "Hell on the Wabash" and "Arkansaw Traveller," and sundry tunes that all were familiar with. The dance wound up with refreshments in Race Harkness' restaurant

which was kept in the first story of the same building where the dance was held. The Sons of Malta Lodge was organized in the early '50's after the failure of General Lopez's invasion of Cuba and was claimed and supposed to take revenge on his enemies who prevented his successful invasion of Cuba. For the benefit of the uninitiated I will give some portions of the ritual. First, the room was prepared with the officers and members sitting around in place with the customary mask. In the center of the room was a skeleton laid on a table, with two persons dressed as soldiers guarding the same, one walking one way on one side and the other, the other way on the opposite side. All officers and members were dressed in black dominoes and masks. Willis Ransom was grand master, J. C. Simms and Salmon P. Hall, his aides. Ransom, Hall and Simms were all large men and looked very imposing in their costumes, especially Simms, who was a man six feet six, and looked like a mountain. The victim to be initiated was brought in, not blind-folded, so he could see all. The first degree was very solemn, and the words the victim heard, impressed on him the fact that the step he was about to take was a very serious affair, and he found it so by the time he got through. After the victim was taken out all things in the room were changed and prepared for action. The victim was then brought in blind-folded and taken before the grand master who put several questions to him. Among others he was asked whether if he was going to attack Cuba would he lie and wait and steal in upon it, or

would he make a bold dash. The victim generally said he would lie and wait and steal in upon it. This remark would be taken up by the recorder, who, speaking through a large trumpet, would say, "He lies and steals, let it be recorded,"—all members saying the same in solemn voice. Next the grand master would say, "Try his marching qualities." The victim was then marched around the room and every object imaginable thrown in his way, so that by the time he got around the room he began to think the subjection of Cuba a hard undertaking. Next we would try the candidate's climbing qualities, as there would be more or less of that to do in scaling forts. A ladder was put in position, one end on the floor and the other end on a high box, some five or six feet high. A member on each side of the victim guarded him to catch him in case he fell off.

It was a hard struggle for him to keep on the rounds of the latter and step over bayonets purposely placed for him to climb over. He would reach the box about exhausted. While standing on the box to rest before the next ordeal the grand master gave a lecture about the importance of knowing how to swim in case he got shipwrecked going to Cuba. After this lecture he was told there was a large tank of water before him and he must jump in and show his swimming qualities. Now, the supposed tank was a large tarpaulin some twenty foot square and held by the members. As the victim jumped into the tarpaulin he was tossed up several times as high as the ceiling. After going through several more trials, too numerous to mention, he was pronounced a

fit recruit to attack Cuba and as he passed through the ordeal so well he was eligible to a seat of honor. He was taken to a seat and told to sit down. This seat of honor was a wet sponge about the size of a half bushel. After this he was told to sign the register, which proved to be an order on Race Harkness' restaurant for a supper for the members of the lodge. Then he was told to read the by-laws. A card some twelve inches in diameter was shown him. The card had a large figure of an eye in the center and around the circle of the card had letters placed as follows,—by reading one way, using the eye in the center it read, "I am a son of Malta" then reading the other way, using the eye in the center the words read, "I am sold." At one of these initiations A. R. Allison and Race Harkness were the victims. Harkness was a man that weighed about 250 pounds, while Allison weighed 125. Harkness was tossed in the tarpaulin first, and being so heavy the members were not able to throw him very high; Allison coming next being so light and using the same exertions they did with Harkness they threw him up against the ceiling some fourteen feet high and broke his arm. Each victim after being initiated always did his best to get some new one to join, so as to get his revenge. The lodge was a grand success for the winter's amusement.

In the summer of '60 there was a dearth of excitement and amusement and as Ransom, Hall and Clark were always ready for fun, it was suggested that as an old man by the name of Cripem had recently opened up a pie, candy and nut store on the east side of the Plaza

and as he was more or less disturbed by some one purloining his goods, he should complain to Ransom and Hall. The old man was a little off in the upper story, but he made his complaint and Ransom suggested that some one be arrested and we have a mock trial for amusement; this was agreed to and it was decided to arrest batchelor Cawlkins. Cawlkins was arrested and court was established, with Salmon P. Hall as judge, Willis Ransom as clerk, George Clark as sheriff, and George A. Crawford as prosecuting attorney, while Lawyer Simms and Lawyer McCord were Cripens's lawyers. There was a jury empaneled, and all the paraphernalia of a first-class court established. The trial lasted a week, as it was only held at night, and as Judge Hall and Ransom had charge of the land office here they told Cripens they had to attend to their land offices during the day. There were quite a number of witnesses for Cripens, but only a few for Cawlkins. The oath that Judge Hall had the witness take was as follows:—"You swear you will not tell the truth, or nothing like the truth, or if you could you would not tell the truth, so help you God." As Cripens was partly deaf he did not know the difference. Jack White, Bill Bently, Joe Ray, Charley Bull and myself were summoned by Cripens as his witnesses. Cripens charged that one, Cawlkins, he had reasons to believe, was from time to time stealing his pies. Cawlkins was a crank on pie. Jack White said Cawlkins grumbled at the boarding house because they did not have pie; Bill Bently testified that Cawlkins said he must hunt up a boarding house where they had pies to eat; Joe Ray said

that Cawlkins asked him to take him out to some of his farmer friends in pumpkin season so he could get some pumpkin pie. Charley Bull said he heard Cawlkins make the remark, "if I only had pies like my mother use to make." Up to this time the evidence was purely circumstantial and it looked as if they had no case against Cawlkins, so they called me up as the last witness. I testified that one morning before daylight I was going to my shop to make an early start to make a coffin and as I passed Cripen's store I saw Cawlkins coming out with pies in his hand. This was considered conclusive evidence against Cawlkins. Mr. Cawlkins produced no witnesses, and being an old blue stocking Presbyterian he said he considered his word of honor as an off-set to the gang of liars that testified against him, so after three nights of argument by the lawyers the case went to the jury, and the jury brought in a verdict that Cawlkins set up the drinks for the court, the attorneys, jury and witnesses at Race Harkness' saloon, which was in the basement of the building where the court was held, and also to send in, the coming fall, when pumpkins were ripe, a load of them to Cripen to make his winter's supply of pies. The attorneys made some master arguments and all in all it was an enjoyable week for the gang. So ended victim Cripen's mock trial.

The summer of 1860 passed undisturbed by Jayhawk troubles and we felt that we were through with them and the town was gradually improving and business increasing, but in October the trouble broke out again. United States court was to be held the first of

October, and there were several prisoners that were to be tried that belonged to the Jayhawker crowd, so Montgomery's gang came into town and broke up the court and Judge Williams left for Missouri for safety. The same month was the advertised land sale for the lands that were in the market in this district, and the Jayhawk troubles kept land buyers away, so there were no sales except to parties that had claims and had not used their pre-emption right, so they located land warrants on the claims they held. I was one of those that took my chance at locating a warrant on my land when the land came into market instead of using my pre-emption right. Along about November 1st, 1860, there were two traveling musicians came along, one by the name of Signor Forillo and the other by the name of George Peabody,—Forillo was a fiddler and Peabody a banjoist. After they had played several times for the boys, we concluded to hire them by the month to give concerts for our amusement, so we made a bargain with them for \$100 a month, and after the first month we let Peabody go, and as Signor Forillo claimed to be a dancing master, we hired him until spring to run a dancing school, and there is where all the early inhabitants of Fort Scott, both old and young, learned all they knew about dancing. The school was kept up until the spring of 1861, when the war broke out. Once a week we would have a dancing party and it was a great success. Captain Lyons, afterward General Lyons, who was killed at the battle of Wilson's Creek, Mo., was stationed here that winter with his company. He was a red-headed

bachelor, and he became one of Signor Forillo's scholars and took a great interest in the dancing until spring, when he with his company was ordered away. Captain Lyons was a very strict disciplinarian and was very strict with his men. At one time, to punish one of his men, he made him walk in the hot sun with a barrel over his shoulders and arms, leaving his bare head exposed to the hot sun and flies, with no chance to use his hands to drive the flies away. Aunt Jane Smith and some other sympathizing ladies went to Lyons to intercede for the poor soldier, but it did no good. Many nights after dancing school was over the men adjourned to the Free State hotel, and after visiting Harry Hartman's bar they would frequently wind up with a stag dance in the office of the hotel—young and old. Capt. Lyons, Judge Williams, Col. Judson, and other older parties joined in with us younger ones and made the tail end of the night lively.

In April, 1861, the second city election was held. Alex. McDonald was elected mayor, and I was elected treasurer, Uncle Johnny Miller recorder, and Jack White marshal. Alex. having been city treasurer prior to this, turned over to me \$12.50, and this was all the money I received while treasurer, except one-third of \$25.00, which Jack, as marshal, collected from a prize fight. When Jack handed it to me he said that he and Uncle Johnny would keep the balance for their fees.

April, 1861, as all know, the civil war broke out, and Kansas, which was still a territory, was as patriotic as the balance of the north. A company of 108

was raised here for three months' service by Charles W. Blair, who was made captain. A. R. Allison and I, being partners at this time in the building business, both enlisted, he being elected a lieutenant, I nothing but a private; he afterwards persuaded me to stay at home and take care of the business while he went with the company, as he was an officer, so I stayed at home. The company left here for Leavenworth to be mustered in, but when they got there the order was not to take any more three months' men, so Captain Blair and some of the company were mustered into the Second Kansas for three years, and my partner, Allison, and some others not liking to go in for three years' service, returned home. During the summer of 1861, and by September 1st, some three thousand troops, more or less, collected here at Fort Scott. What troops were here then were under command of General Jim Lane, who ran things in rather a loose way. In the summer of 1861 Jim Lane had built a fort on the north side of the Osage river, and named it Fort Lincoln. It was built on low bottom land at a point which was no more of a fit place for a fort than where Knapp's Park is now located. This fort consisted of a stockade and a large block house. In later years this stockade and block house was moved to Fort Scott and located about the junction of Lowman and First streets. On Sunday, the second day of September, 200 mules were grazing about where T. W. Tallman's farm is located, and a detachment of Colonel Wier's regiment was in charge of them, when about noon a large number of rebel cavalry came

from the east and captured the mules and drove them off to Missouri. The alarm was given and all the cavalry that was here was ordered to give chase to the rebels and try to recapture the mules. The mules were driven by the rebel cavalry to the east side of Big Drywood, at what is called the Lambert crossing. The Union cavalry which was in pursuit, followed to the west side of the Drywood, when lo, and behold they found all of Price's army in camp. It appeared that after the battle of Wilson's Creek in August the victorious army of the south under Price had been ordered to come and capture Fort Scott. That Sunday night when the cavalry from here went after the mules they expected a fight, and what ambulances that were here connected with the hospital were ordered out, and the surgeon in charge called for volunteers and citizens to go out with the ambulances. Charley Bull, Joe Ray, Pete Smith and myself went out with one of the ambulances, and located on the hill about where the east end of Wall street is now, to await developments. Shortly after we got there Joe Ray said: "Lord, boys, we must have some whiskey to keep up our courage." Joe rode his horse out while we rode out in the ambulance, and Joe said to Smith: (By-the-way, Smith was a Swede just over from Sweden, and his English was not of the best:) "You take this dollar and my horse and go to the hotel and get us a quart of whiskey." Smith said: "Me tank I not like to go all alone." So Joe said: "Oh, hell, go on." Smith started and soon returned, and as he was getting off of the horse in his awkward manner,

he let the bottle of whiskey fall on the rocks and break. You bet Joe made the air blue cursing the poor Swede.

About nine o'clock we were ordered back to town as our cavalry returned without any wounded for us to take care of. On Monday, the 3rd, all the cavalry that was here was ordered out to reconnoiter and advise us of the movements of Price's army. Price's cavalry met our cavalry on the west side of Drywood and then occurred what was called the battle of Drywood. I think there was in this battle a few wounded on each side and a few horses put out of the way, which were about all the casualties. In the afternoon of said day word came that Price's whole army was coming toward Fort Scott and to get all the infantry and artillery that was here out on the hill east of town. The artillery that Lane had was composed of three pieces, as different in size as an elephant and a pug dog. The cannon were in charge of some foreigners they had picked up as artillerymen, and there was about the same contrast in them as there was in the cannon. Lane that day ordered all citizens here to be mustered in fort service as an emergency service for the period of fourteen days. There were some forty men, including Ben McDonald, Charley Drake and myself, who were mustered into service, under command of Alex McDonald as captain. And by the way, McDonald, Drake and myself were never mustered out, so I suppose we are still in the service. After Lane had ordered all the troops but our company to the front, he ordered our company to open ammunition and load in wagons. After we had done this we were then ordered out on the hill

with the balance of the troops. As we were marched out we met the cavalry returning from the battle of Drywood, they telling us that Price's army was coming and we would catch hell. It was about dark when our company reached the balance of the forces. We had not been there long until it was found that Price's army was not advancing, so Lane gave the order to counter-march to town. About this time there was a very heavy thunder and rain storm came up. That night after Lane held consultations with the colonels of different regiments he ordered a retreat of all the army to Fort Lincoln, excepting a cavalry company under Colonel Jewell, with instructions to Jewell to burn the town if Price's army came the next day. Colonel Jewell had fagots put in all the buildings so as to apply the torch when necessary. By the way, our company of fourteen daymen did not follow General Lane to Fort Lincoln, as we saw fit to act on our own hook. That Monday night Sam Williams, A. R. Allison and myself left town about midnight to go north where Williams' family and some other persons were camped, about where the Catholic Cemetery now is. By the way, about all the women folks had left town, but Aunt Jane Smith and Mrs. Col. Wilson, We did not reach where Williams' people had camped until daylight, as it rained hard all night and we lay in a claim shanty about where Peter Redinger's house now stands. In the morning after getting something to eat I told Williams and Allison I was going back to town. I did so, and they with their families and others went north and did not stop until they

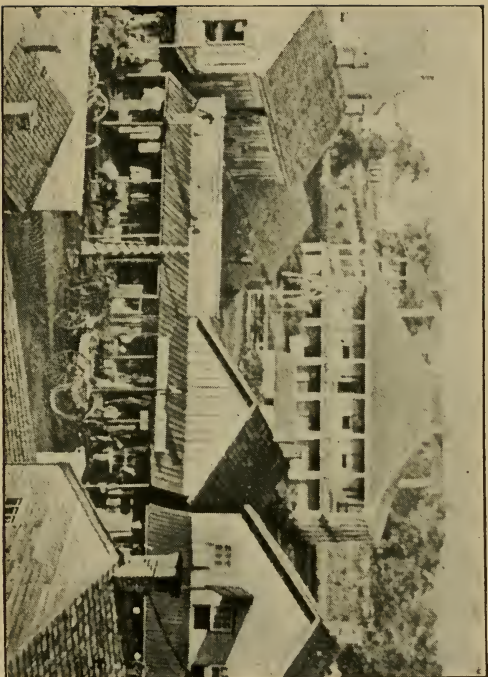
reached Leavenworth. I met Alex McDonald in the morning when I returned. The town looked deserted and it was still raining very hard, and we expected Price's army at any time to come and burn the town. Jewell's cavalry kept a look out, but no army appeared. Tuesday and Wednesday night, McDonald, myself and others went out to a claim shanty on Joe Dillon's claim about two miles west of town. Thursday morning when we came to town Col. Jewell told us that he thought Price was breaking camp and moving north. As it had rained every day and night between Monday and Thursday it put the Drywood up so high that Price could not get his army across, and this is the reason Fort Scott was not burned at that time.

Price failing to take Fort Scott as expected Gov. Jackson ordered his army north to attack Mulligan at Lexington. When McDonald and I would come to town each morning we expected to see the town in ashes, but thanks to the heavy rains which kept Drywood so high, Fort Scott was saved from destruction by Price's army. A short time afterwards the main body of Lane's army came back to Fort Scott, but left a company or two at Fort Lincoln to garrison it, until later on, when it was abandoned and the improvements moved to Fort Scott.

There were some amusing incidents occurred during the raid by Price and the retreat of Lane's army. One was, my friend, Charley Drake, had tied his horse in the timber along the Marmaton to prepare himself to retreat before marching out bravely with our com-

pany to battle, so when Lane ordered the retreat to Fort Lincoln, Drake, supposing that Price's army had come to take Fort Scott, started to get his horse and ride north. It was very dark and he did not find his horse till daylight, after travelling around him all night, and when he did find the right place, some one had taken his horse and left an old plug in his place, so Charley came back to town and took his chances with McDonald, myself and others.

Prior to the Price raid on Fort Scott, General Lane had been running the army affairs in his own way, but as I learned later, to my sorrow, he did not have legal authority from the government to employ me, as a bill of some \$300 that was due to me for coffins I had made for the soldiers, I never received, the government claiming Lane had no authority to employ me. It was not long after the Price raid that the government had affairs reorganized here and made this a depot for supplies and established a regular quartermaster and commissary here. Major Insley was made quartermaster and Carter Wilder was made commissary, and affairs assumed a different aspect than when Lane was running affairs. Col. Doubleday, of the Second Ohio cavalry was first put in command of the post. I made many a coffin for the Second Ohio cavalry. They were a hard set and died off like sheep. They had been mustered in from the slums of Cleveland. The Sixth Kansas cavalry was organized here with Col. Judson, and Lieut. Col. Jewell commanding. Col. Jewell was killed at the battle of Pea Ridge. Blair's battery was organized



Sectional View of Market Street 1863; Building on Back Ground Hospital Building of the Fort.



here, with Ed. Smith captain. During the war Fort Scott was a refugee camp and also a camp for sick soldiers in this section, on sick leave. A great deal of this sickness was a hoax, as I worked as high as a dozen of these patients at a time on carpenter work.

Not long after Fort Scott was made a military depot the principal citizens and officers of the post became quite intimate, and there was no lack of social parties. I remember a masquerade ball held at Captain George Clark's house which was the great social event of that time. At this masquerade one Charlie Rubican impersonated Billie Barlow. He was not masked, but had his face and clothes arranged in such a way that he looked a perfect likeness of the vagabond Billie Barlow, and being a good singer he carried out the character by singing the song of Billie Barlow to such perfection that when he came for admission the door-keeper would not let him in, thinking he was a tramp. His most intimate friends did not know him, and he only got in after telling me who he was; and I vouched for him. At this ball I impersonated the old Philadelphia Quaker, having had a drab suit made and well stuffed to give proportions, and long white hair and the regular broad brimmed hat. I made about a fac-simile figure of William Penn's statue on top of the city building in Philadelphia. There were a great many original costumes and it was a big success for a frontier town.

After the inauguration of Abraham Lincoln in 1861, David Manlove was appointed postmaster to succeed William Gallaher, who had served under Buchanan's

administration. Mr. Manlove only living a short time after he was appointed, his son, Sam, was appointed to succeed him. In 1862 I built the building for Sam for the use of the postoffice on the first floor, and the second floor Sam used for his batchelor quarters. This building stood on the lot where Louis Klingbiel has his saloon today. Sam being one of the boys, a lot of us used to congregate at his room nightly and amuse ourselves. One night Sam said: "What can we do to have some fun?" (There were present Dave Emmert and two other musicians entertaining us with music.) I said: "Sam, I have a scheme for fun; I will take the Quaker suit that I wore to Clark's masquerade and put it on reversed, and you lead me around with the musicians following and introduce me as the back-sliding Quaker." As we visited different places the musicians would play and I would waltz to the music. In our round we visited Mrs. Alex. McDonald's house and performed in the parlor. Mrs. McDonald not knowing who I was, or knowing that the costume was on wrong side front, said: "Arn't you tired? Please take a seat." I said: "I cannot;" which was the first she knew of the situation. We took in the town, especially the saloons, and wound up in the parlor of the Wilder house to the amusement of the army officers and other guests of the house. It was pronounced by the most critical, a masterpiece in the art of masquerading.

In 1862 and 1863, there was a stockade and an earth fort built at the corner of National avenue and Second street, and at the corner of Second street and Scott ave-

nue. At this fort at Second and Scott avenue there was a block house built, the same that now stands on the rear end of the lot occupied by John Bearman's mattress factory. Uncle Billy Smith lived there at that time, and when the war was over he moved the block house to his lot for a stable. There was also a double block house built on the block northwest of the Plaza. There was a twenty-four pound cannon placed at each of these forts. In 1863 there was a fort and barracks ordered built on the high ground about a quarter of a mile east of the old property owned by Uncle Johnny Miller on the hill. The barracks were partly built when the work was ordered stopped. Jack McDonald, later, became owner of the property, but in a few years the unfinished buildings disappeared. From the time Fort Scott was made a military depot all was serene, and business and building prospered, and business was good all the time during the war. The spring of 1862, there was no hotel except the old Free State and Pro-Slavery hotels, and there was a demand for more hotel accommodation. George Dimon, that spring, decided to build a hotel; so he made brick where the old glass-works were, on the Peter Redinger farm, and commenced building the building that is now occupied by Horace Cohn, on the corner of Main and Wall streets, and named it the Wilder house, after Carter Wilder, who was the commissary. The house was opened early in 1863 with a grand blow-out, and was a great resort for the army officers. I had about all the work I could attend to at this time. In the summer of 1863 I built

the stone block across the street opposite the Wilder house for Dr. Miller, who at that time was south with the army. The same year I built the first church in Fort Scott for the Presbyterians—the same now occupied by Moody's Marble yard. Up to this time the lumber used for building was native, such as walnut, oak, sycamore, elm, and so forth. When I got the contract for the Miller block and Presbyterian church, I found I must have some pine lumber, so I commenced hauling pine lumber from Leavenworth. I paid as high as \$100 per thousand for the lumber at Leavenworth and \$60 a thousand for freighting it down here, making it cost me \$160 per thousand. I would sell it at \$200 a thousand, as I had to make my regular profit of twenty-five per cent.

About this time the first gift enterprise came to town and was held in Uncle Johnny Miller's store. The man had his prizes in a large show case on the counter on one side of the store. A few days after the man was running his scheme some of the boys complained that it was a gouge game. Doc. Van Pelt, Burns Gordon and myself, being together and having some fun, on hearing this report about the gift enterprise, concluded we would go in and try our luck. Van Pelt caught the man at his tricks and got mad, and, notwithstanding our combined efforts to prevent him, we could not keep him from getting up and walking through the show case, which he did, and broke up the gift enterprise. We all three were arrested by Deacon Jones, who was marshal at that time, and we each paid him \$10 for our

appearance before the recorder, but we never appeared. Besides this it cost us \$100 we had to pay the gift enterprise man, and he left town with his wrecked case of prizes, and said the town was too hot a place for him; so, in total, we were out \$130.00 for our fun; but money was no object in those days, as fun we would have without counting the cost.

The same year, 1863, I built the City Hall, which cost \$4,500. The same was raised by personal subscription. This hall was used a few years for that purpose, and then was offered to the county as a court house free for a number of years. They then removed the county seat here, which was at that time located at Marmaton, seven miles west. This offer brought the county seat here and continued it here permanently. The city sold the hall eventually to the county and it was used for court house purposes until the present court house was built. The building was built of stone, was condemned a few years ago and torn down. This building was on the lot on the corner of Second and National avenue, where the fire tower now stands, and is now owned by the city with the prospect of building a city hall in the future. The first story was used by the city officers, the second story was all in a hall, which was used for public meetings and exhibitions of all kinds. In the early spring of 1865, just before the close of the war, one of the greatest shows on earth was held in this hall. Like all towns the church people were hard up, and were giving entertainments of some kind to raise money. The Episcopal and Catholic churches

would have dances to raise money; the Methodists, socials and parties, so about this time the Presbyterian people decided they must raise some money, but they did not want a dancing party and hardly knew what they did want. J. R. Morley, in those days, was the leader of amusements, and had prior to this time put on the boards some very fair amateur performances with the material there was on hand at that time; so some of the ladies, Mrs. Aunt Jane Smith, Mrs. Redfield, Mrs. Jewell and Barney Eberhardt, talked to Mr. Morley on the question. "Well," he said: "What do you want?" "Well, we don't want any dance, but something different, that has a moral influence." If I am not mistaken Morley was never a Bob Ingersoll or a Beecher, but agreed to help the church out, so the ladies gave him carte blanche to get up a performance. Mr. Morley came to me and said: "Charley, Aunt Jane Smith and the balance of the blue stocking women want an entertainment, and if you will join with me we will see if we can't get them up something they won't forget." So Morley and I went to work and decided to have a combination show—the first part to be a circus and menagerie,—the second part a minstrel and vaudeville, and the after piece a railroad wreck or tragedy. So Morley and I were about ten days making the property for the show, consisting of lion heads, banners, elephant's trunks, imitations of horses, and so forth. The lion head was a huge affair, made of wire and covered with buffalo skin. Then we picked out all the star performers of the day to help us put the play on the stage. The

following were the artists of that memorable performance: J. R. Morley, ringmaster; C. W. Goodlander, clown and lion imitator; Mark Shaffenburg (Van Amburg) the lion tamer; Jack White, bare-back rider; Ken Williams, acrobat, and then in the minstrel and vaudeville were Dave Emmert, vocalist and fat boy; Ken Williams, ballet dancer; Ben McDonald, (by-the-way, Ben made the ugliest darkey I ever saw,) Charley Clark, negro comedians—in the play of "Stocks Up and Stocks Down." In the railroad wreck George Clark was conductor, and the passengers were composed of some of our prominent citizens, dressed as Dutch, Irish, Italian, and so forth, and negroes and market women; and a motley crew it was. I well remember George A. Crawford represented an old country woman with a squalling baby in her arms; Joe Ray was peanut boy; George Clark had prepared the explosion of the engine, and when the wreck occurred everybody thought the house would fall.

This closed the show, and it was pronounced a grand success. But when all was over the Presbyterian women said to Morley and I: "Well, boys, you did give us a show, but it was hardly up to church morals; but we can forgive you for the \$700 you put into our treasury, raised without giving a dance, that has corrupt influence on the young." This show was held about the time the rebellion was at an end, and the town was full of officers and they gave liberally, and everybody felt good, over the prospect of the war coming to a close. General Blunt and several other leading offi-

cers were present. Jack White and Dave Emmert formed the elephant, and during the performance we had a boy carrying beer by the bucket full and drew it up through a window in the dressing room, and some of the performers got quite full, and especially Jack and Dave, the elephant men, so when they went on in the elephant act, I, then acting as clown, observed that they were pretty shaky, and I looked for something that was not on the bill. When the elephant appeared I introduced the animal by the name of General Blunt. Ringmaster Morley said: "Why do you call him Blunt?" I said: "Because he is a good drinker." This brought the house down, as all knew Blunt's failing. Ken Williams rode the elephant in regular Hindoo custom. Directly I saw that the animal was getting shaky and knew it would come to pieces. I said: "Ringmaster, why is the elephant like the Southern Confederacy at the present time?" "I give it up," said Ringmaster Morley. I said: "Because it is falling to pieces." Just then Jack and Dave commenced falling on the floor, and the elephant collapsed amidst the roar of the audience. I had covered the hoops, for banners, for the bare back riders to jump through. The cover was made out of the New York Observer, the leading Presbyterian paper of the age, and I would hold them out in plain view to the deacons and deaconesses of the church to see. When I took the part of the lion I had a tight fitting clown suit on, with a huge tail attached and a lion's head over my head, Shaffenburg would put his head in my mouth, and I would growl and he would

feed me on old shoes and boots, and with all his caressing and feeding, I got mad and drove him off of the stage. When the show was over the actors adjourned down town for refreshments, and made a night of it. We considered this our farewell performance. During the year of '65 the McDonald Hall block was built south of the Wilder house, the same building now occupied by the Citizen's National bank and other business houses. The upper floor of that building was one large hall, with a stage in one end of it. After this all shows, both amateur and professional, were held in this hall up to the time the opera house was built.

The following program, (a fac-simile,) which is now in the possession of my wife, is a sample of one of the shows John R. Morley used to produce in this hall:

GRAND ENTERTAINMENT.

Singing, Pantomime & Tableaux,

by

Fort Scott Amateurs,

at

McDonald's Halll,

Tuesday Evening, Sept. 10th, 1869.

Directors de l'Orchestre.....	Chas. Lamar
Organist.....	B. F. Shurat
Hussiers d'Assemblee.....	Messrs. Allison, Annable,
	Higbee and Bayliss
Maitre d'Assemblee.....	Dr. G. R. Baldwin

PROGRAMME.

Part First.

Quartette.....	Mr. and Mrs. McKinnie, Mrs. Insley and Mr. Schneider
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Scriptural Drama—Queen Athalia.
Repeated by request of the Citizens.
In four acts.

Queen Athalia.....	Miss Blanch Haynes
Jaodo, High Priest.....	Miss Ella Terry
Josabet, Princess.....	Miss N. Gannet
Abner, Officer of Judah.....	Mr. J. W. Strong
Mathan, an Apostate Priest.....	Mr. J. W. Cormany
Nabal, Adviser of Athalia.....	Mr. J. Morley
Joas, Young King of Judah.....	George Kearns
Ismeal, Priest.....	Mr. D. Havens
Zacherie, Son of Josabet.....	Miss L. Strong
Solomith, Zacherie's Sister.....	Miss M. Post
Agar, Attendant on Queen.....	Miss L. Stevens
Second Attendant on Queen.....	Miss E. Abeel
Two Levites—Choir of Temple Children—Scene in the Court of Solomon's Temple.	

Interlude.

Song.....	Mr. and Mrs. McKinnie
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Part Second.

The laughable and amusing French Pantomime
BOITE DE MAGIQUE!

Pantalon.....	Charlie Goodlander
The popular and well known pantomimist, late of the "Joss Troupe."	

Chief du Drama.....	W. A. Cormany
The Unrivalled Artist.	

Personne's de La Suite....	B. P. McDonald & G. A. Scoville
The Versatile Actors.	

This laughable Pantomime will be presented in a style
that is unrivalled by anything ever enacted
by the famous Rael Troupe.

Quartette—Mr. and Mrs. McKinnie, Mrs. Insley and Mr. Schneider.	
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This entertainment will conclude with a grand and dazzling Tableau of Statuary and Statues,
arranged by Miss McComas and
Miss E. Wilson.

Admission.....50 cents | Children.....25 cents
Reserved Seats, 75 Cents.

Tickets for sale at Cottrell's, at the Wilder House.
Doors open at 7 o'clock—Entertainment commences at 8

The first bank established in Fort Scott was in the fall of 1862. I was with Alex. McDonald in Chicago in January, 1863, when he bought a safe for his bank. I think this was the first safe brought to Fort Scott. It was all cast iron. The same safe stands in my lumber office today. John Dillon was cashier of the bank. The bank was in the rear end of McDonald's store, on the corner of the alley and Wall street. One night John was sitting in the bank with Tom Bridgens, city attorney, and John G. Stewart, Jack White, Sam Manlove and myself had been in Julius Neubauer's saloon, just across the alley, and being in good condition for fun, we saw Dillon in the bank, and at the same time seeing a lot of empty salt barrels in the alley, we concluded to play a trick on McDonald's cashier. We piled the salt barrels up against the door, so that when he opened the door they would fall in on him. Our scheme worked all right, but we had not concluded on the legal adviser that was in John's company, when lo, and behold, the next morning we were all arrested for attempting the life of Cashier Dillon. 'Squire Margrave at that time was city recorder, and we were all marched up to the

office by the marshal, followed by quite a number of people. Tom Bridgens, city attorney, presented the case. He had trumped up some witnesses for his side and had made a strong case against us. Jack White said: "Boys, we have no lawyer to plead our case." "Oh, pshaw," said Sam Manlove; "No use going to that expense; I am as much of a lawyer as Tom Bridgens is, and I will plead our case and save a lawyer's fee." After the prosecuting attorney had finished his side of the case, Sam got up and made a great plea, and said affairs had got to a great state in this town if the boys could not have a little fun without being arrested, and he did not see that Cashier Dillon's life was in any danger by the weight of empty salt barrels falling on him, and the whole proceedings was trumped up by Attorney Bridgens just to show his authority. After Sam had got through with his plea he said to Judge Margrave: "You was a boy one time, and you know how it is on the frontier, as you have spent all your life here; I submit our case to your honor, and our defense is a good one and you know it." The judge smole one of those quiet smiles of his, and said: "Boys, I am sorry that instead of being home in bed you have been making owls of yourselves; a complaint for attempting a fellow citizen's life is a serious affair; and as I want to be as easy as I can, I will only give you the minimum fine I can impose, \$5.00 and costs apiece, making the amount of fine \$7.50. We each had to fork over. We kicked, but it done no good. "Pay, or go to the lock-up," said the judge; so the lark that night cost us each the court

fine, besides the amount it took to get us in condition to attempt a fellow-citizen's life, and in those days that material was not very cheap. We tried later on to get even with Dillon, by having him arrested for carrying concealed weapons, but did not succeed, as his attorney, Bridgens, warned him of the danger of being arrested by us if he did so, so he told Dillon to keep his pistol in sight until we got over being mad.

In 1862 was about the first advent of the drummer or commercial traveller visiting Fort Scott, and in those days, as they are now, they were hale fellows well met, and the boys here were always ready to entertain them and give them the best the town afforded. They most always left the town the worse for wear and loss of sleep and funds. One day a drummer came who was quite fresh, and he made the remark that he understood we boys got away with all the drummers that came to Fort Scott, and that he was going to hold up the reputation of the fraternity, and said he was able to take care of No. 1. Well, this remark was enough for the boys to take him in charge and deal out to him the best the town afforded. By midnight he became so beastly full that we decided the best place for him was in the stable; so we took him to the stage barn, he being in such condition that he did not know the difference between a bed of straw in a stall with a halter around his neck, and a feather bed with his wife's arms around his neck. The next morning some of the boys went to look after our travelling friend of the night before, and lo, and behold, he was gone. The stage left early

in the morning, and he had got up early enough to catch the first stage and leave town without bidding us good-bye. He never returned to my knowledge.

Fort Scott had the reputation in those days of entertaining strangers the best they knew how, and I don't think it has lost its prestige in that line up to the present day.

In 1860, the first wagon scales or hay scales put up in Fort Scott was owned by Joe Ray and Jack White jointly, and was built in the street at the junction of Main and Market, in front of where Rodecker's store now is. Joe and Jack's place of business was just opposite on Market street, and they alternately attended to the weighing, and the money they took in for weighing they deposited in the beam-box, where they kept a bottle of whiskey; so every time they weighed a wagon they deposited the proceeds in the beam-box and took a drink. When the bottle was empty, they took their money on hand and replenished it. Joe used to say, "That is the only way to run a saloon; no one can dead-beat you for a drink.

In 1862 Jack White established the first hard wood lumber yard here. Joe used to joke Jack a good deal about his lumber. As any one knows, native lumber, especially elm, is more or less of a warpy nature. Joe used to say that Jack had to have a tight board fence to keep his lumber from crawling out of the yard and that his lumber was so crooked he had to measure it with a cork-screw, and that his lumber yard was like a saloon, had to use a cork-screw to dispose of his goods. Joe

would make the remark every time that he entered Jack's yard, that he thought he had snakes as the lumber was crawling so much. Joe was a rabid democrat and Jack was a rabid republican, and many a quarrel they would have over politics, but they would wind up with a compromise by going to the scale beam box and taking a drink. Joe was a great coward, and the boys were all the time playing a great many tricks on him, such as putting terrapins in his bed, coons in his room, and all kinds of tricks.

George Stockmeyer, about this time, as he does now, in Fort Scott, sold vegetables and berries, and would go barefooted as a sign of fair weather, as he was always more or less of a weather prophet—as he is now. So when the boys saw Stockmeyer barefooted they concluded it was a good time for out-door exercises. One day he came to town with his old horse and sulky and had on a lot of gooseberries for sale. A lot of the boys, who were out having a good time, tackled Stockmeyer and his rig and undertook to take him, horse, sulky and all, into Julius Neubauer's saloon, but as they could not get the sulky through the door they unhitched the horse and took him into the saloon. The boys gave the basket of gooseberries to Julius and told him to make a gooseberry punch for the crowd, including Stockmeyer and his horse. After the punch was made they poured a couple of glasses down the horse's throat and then all drank a toast to Stockmeyer and his horse. After the proceedings were over they hitched the horse to the sulky and put Stockmeyer aboard, and having paid him

for his berries, he drove off happy that he had made so good a sale.

In the summer of 1863, the first Italian musicians made their appearance on the streets of Fort Scott—another sign of civilization from the far east. There was a harpist, violinist, flute and piccolo players, and they made the best music we had heard in Fort Scott, and the boys feeling good over hearing the music concluded they would use this band and have some fun. George Clark said: "Charley what shall we do, and have this band play for us?" Now for a year or two Roach had kept a pet bear chained in the yard of his house, and we used to have considerable fun playing with the bear. I said: "Clark, let's have a bear parade;" so it was decided that Clark should act as manager, I to be bear tamer and performer, Tom Corbett to lead the bear while marching, Ken Williams, acrobat and cannon ball tosser, Bill Norway, big Indian. We were all dressed in costume to suit our part of the performance. The bear was no cub,—he weighed over 200 pounds. After getting the Italian band and the performers together we went up and asked Roach for the use of his bear. He granted the request on promise of safe return. About the time we were ready to start there was a great crowd ready to follow, so Clark gave the command to march, and ordered all followers to fall into line. I led the procession looking like a matador at a bull fight; Tom Corbett next, leading the bear, then Ken Williams and Bill Norway, then the Italian band, with the procession of citizens behind; we made quite an imposing



Free State Hotel.

Col. Wilson and
Sam. Williams

Gov. Ransom and
Alex. McDonald.

Geo. Clark and
Willis Ransom.

appearance. The idea was to march to different points of interest, especially saloons, and there give a performance at each of these places to the music of the band. I would waltz and wrestle with the bear to the tune of the music, then Williams and Norway would go through with their specialties, and Clark, while the show was going on, would dilate on the virtues of his show and the great expense he had been to, to import it from sunny Italy. After each performance the party we visited would set up refreshments—mostly in liquid form. We first went to the Wilder House, next to the different saloons and the officers' headquarters. Mr. Bear all this time appeared to like the fun as well as the boys. After winding up at the officers' quarters I said: "Clark, take us out to John R. Morley's house and give a performance there." Clark said: "What do you want to go there for? There are no liquid refreshments." I answered Clark and told him there were two young ladies, tenderfeet, from Ohio, visiting Mr. Morley, and Jack White and John Dillon are sweet on them, and the two boys are out there now, and I think it best to give the girls a taste of frontier amusement. We marched up to Morley's house—he lived then in the house that Henry Neubauer resides in now. The Morley household hearing the music coming were all out on the veranda; we marched into the yard in good order, George Clark introducing us in grand style. Norway led off with the Indian dance, Ken Williams with his performance, leaving me for the great finale. Mr. Bear was in great trim, and I think Mr. Bear, like myself

wanted to show off to the eastern girls, and we entered into our performance with great gusto. First, we waltzed around and around and courtesied to the ladies and then we went to wrestling and tumbling on the ground. About this time, unknown to the audience, Mr. Bear sank his teeth through my boot into the calf of my leg; but paying no attention to the bite, I finished up the performance, and then remarked: "Ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Bear has given me information that he is tired of this damned show, and I think we will now retire." I said to Tom Corbett, "You lead the bear back to Old Roach," and to Clark and the other performers, "Go with me to Doc. Redfield's." "What for?" they said; and I said: "My boot is full of blood, and my leg is sore where the bear bit me." This was the first intimation they had that I was hurt. This ended the memorable bear show and parade, which was the talk of the town for a long while.

By the end of the war Fort Scott had become a town of some 3000 inhabitants, and all kinds of business was good, and from the time it was made a regular military depot until the fall of 1864 the troops that were here did not have much to do except routine duty at the fort. There was very little war excitement except a raid now and then that did not amount to much, except the raid at Marmaton by guerillas from the Indian country, which was a bad one, as they killed several inhabitants of that town and escaped south after doing all the deviltry they could. This was about all the war excitement until the fall of 1864, which was called the second Price

raid on Fort Scott. During the occupation of Fort Scott as a military post and depot it was commanded, as near as I can remember, by Col. Doubleday, Major Henning, and our old townsman, General Blair, who by the way, at the battle of Wilson Creek, Mo., took command after the death of General Lyon, and the wounding of General Dietzler and Mitchell, and showed himself equal to the occasion, just as if he had been an old regular. Gen. Price, in the fall of 1864, marched his army north to the Missouri River in the eastern part of Missouri, and then west on the side of the Missouri river to the western border of Missouri. When he reached the Blue river in Jackson County, he marched his army south along the border, being followed by the Union forces under Gen. Pleasanton. Pleasanton's command overtook him in Linn County, near where the town of Pleasanton now stands, and there occurred the battle of Mine Creek. Price's army was routed and a large number of prisoners taken, including several officers, and one complete battery of artillery. The prisoners, both officers and privates were brought to Fort Scott, also the captured artillery. I remember distinctly seeing the officers under guard standing at the corner of the Wilder house, now Horace Cohn's store. Among them was Gen. Gable, Gen. Marmaduke, and one Gen. Chester. In later years this same Gen. Marmaduke was elected governor of Missouri, and Cable I met afterwards in Dallas, Texas, of which city he was then mayor. The privates were put in the block house and stockade which I previously mentioned as being moved from Fort Lin-

coln, and the officers were placed under guard at the Wilder House and held a few days, when all, both officers and privates, were paroled. After the capture of a part of Price's army at Mine Creek the remaining army moved on south with the intention of taking Fort Scott in the retreat, but they were followed so closely by the Union Army that when they got on the hill where the Shinn farm is now located they could see with a field glass that the only ford leading into Fort Scott was well protected with artillery placed on the bluff north-east of the Plaza and if they undertook to force the ford with the Union Army in their rear, they stood a good show of being captured; so they moved east on the north side of the Marmaton and crossed a ford some ten miles east in Missouri, and moved south and escaped. That night Pleasanton's army came into Fort Scott about worn out and went into camp after a week's steady march. After a week or so Pleasanton's command was distributed to other points, and affairs in Fort Scott settled down to the regular routine, and business revived, as this move of Price's was supposed to be about the last demonstration in this section. The morning that the battery of artillery was brought here there was quite a little sensation occurred. The artillery was standing in Wall street and one piece that stood opposite the rear end of the opera house was in a depressed position the same as when being transported; the street was full of people, but just in front of the cannon there was a space of some fifty feet where there happened to be no one. I was standing just opposite the cannon on the sidewalk,

when I heard a smart aleck say, "I will show you how they fire off a cannon." He took an artillery match from his pocket and placed it in the touch hole and pulled the string, when lo, and behold a loud report. The cannon had been captured with a load in it and no one knew any better. One fellow had his head pretty close to the muzzle of the gun and had his hair and eyebrows terribly scorched. The cannon was loaded with a time shell, and when it struck the ground it rebounded and went through the top of a house that stood where the Goodlander Hotel now stands, and exploded on the roof of the house now occupied by Henry Neubauer. There was no more fooling with the captured artillery after that. The town of Pleasanton, Linn County, was named after Gen. Pleasanton. In the spring of 1865, as we all know, the war closed, and the troops that were here were mustered out or moved away and a great many supposed the town would go backwards after the removal of the support derived from the military depot. For some months it did look that way, but by the fall of 1865 the town commenced to forge ahead, and by the time the Kansas City & Fort Scott railroad reached here the 7th day of December, 1869, it was a town of some 4500 inhabitants.

In front of the Wilder House there were posts and a rail on top to tie horses to. This rail was quite broad and made a good seat, so late at night the boys used to sit on this rail telling yarns, not wanting to go to bed. One night along in 1867, Jack White, Billy Robinson and myself, were sitting there about half asleep, and

Jack White roused up and with great energy said: "Boys, let's all three get married and go to Baxter Springs on a wedding tour." Now, Jack was sweet on Kate Stewart, and had clear sailing. Billy Robinson spoke up and said: "Jack, it is well enough for you to propose marrying, as you have a cinch on your girl, while Charlie and I have not." Col. Wilson had three daughters—Jennie, Lizzie and Fannie. Billy was sweet on Fannie, and I was making faces at Lizzie, and Jennie had married Joe Ray. Billy and I did not make much headway, as a certain party was in the way of Billy, and a certain lieutenant in the army was sweet on Lizzie. Jack married Kate that year, and Billy, some three years later married Jennie, the widow of Joe Ray, he having died in 1869, and Jack White died the same year; so these two croneys passed away. As Billy failed to make a go with Fannie he was bound to get into the family. I later on married Lizzie, and Fannie later on married T. F. Robley. These Wilson girls, I think, were among the first few white children born in Kansas fifty years ago. Lizzie and Fannie are living now, but Jennie died some three years ago.

After the war, in the summer of 1865, I commenced to haul white pine lumber from Kansas City until the railroad got here, then bought from Latshaw & Quaide, who had a lumber yard on the corner of Fifth and Delaware, where the Armour Bank building now stands. I continued this until the Gulf road got to Paola, and then hauled from there, and later on when the road got to Pleasanton I hauled from that point. I

bought the white pine lumber from Kansas City parties until the railroad got to Pleasanton, and that summer the Hannibal bridge was finished at Kansas City, and I bought my lumber in Hannibal and had it shipped to Pleasanton. The first purchase I made in Hannibal was from Rowe & Toll—ten car loads. A few weeks later one Davis, of Davis, Bokee & Garth, lumber dealers, of Hannibal, came along, and I bought a train load of thirty-six cars from that firm. I don't think to this day Brother Toll ever forgave me, as he claimed he had found and pre-empted me, and I was his meat. This same Toll is now at the head of the Badger Lumber company, Kansas City.

On the 7th day of December, 1869, the Missouri River, Fort Scott & Gulf R. R., now known as the Kansas City, Fort Scott & Memphis R. R., reached this point, and the days of hauling lumber by wagon was at an end. The first car of freight that came by rail to Fort Scott was a car of lath shipped to me for the old Gulf house, and I unloaded it while the engine was switching the train, so it was scattered a quarter of a mile along the track.

The first county fair held in Fort Scott was held in the stockade fort at the corner of National avenue and Second street, in the fall of 1865, and the second fair was held in the fall of 1866, in the government corral enclosure that had been built by the quartermaster's department during the war, about in the locality of the present Presbyterian church. There was quite a large enclosure and there was room for a short race track, but at the time this fair was held the

grasshoppers were so thick on the track that they could have no races. That fall there was a story in Kansas that the grasshoppers stopped a railroad train, whether this is true or not, I must say that they did stop the horse races as they were from one to three inches deep on the track and plenty to spare.

In 1867 the first settlers of Fort Scott decided to have a blow-out. The following is a fac-simile of the bill of fare of the supper they had, the original having been preserved by my wife and is now in her possession.

1857

1867

PIONEER SUPPER.

Wilder House.

Fort Scott, Kansas, Nov, 14, 1867.

BILL OF FARE.

Twelve O'clock Supper.

Soup.

Oyster.

Colbert.

Fish.

Baked Black Bass.

Broiled Red-horse.

Relieve.

Broiled Leg of Mutton, Caper sauce; Wild Turkey,

Braised with Oysters, Ham, Champagne sauce;

Broiled Prairie Chicken, parsley Sauce; Rib of

Antelope, a la Regeance; Buffalo Tongue.

Cold Ornamental Dishes.

Chaudfroid of Faisant, a la Parisienne.

Pattress de foie Gras, with jelly.

Bastion of Rabbits, a la Shiloh,

Bear Tongue, a la Carlotta,

Boned Turkey, decorated with jelly,

Boned Partridge, a la Pawnee,

Brandt, ornamented with jelly,
 Sunfish au Beurre, de Montpelier.
 Entries.

Rissoles of Jack Snipe, a la Pompadour.
 Fillet of Curlew, a la Rouenaise,
 Civit of Venison, with Port wine.
 Fillet of Wild Goose, a la Marmaton,
 Fillet of Teal Duck, a la Drywood,
 Fillet of Plover, a la Prairie,
 White Crane Salad, a l' Osage,
 Woodcock Fricasee, a la Wolverine.

Entries Continued.

Noix of Fawn, a la Balltown,
 Coon chops, a la Marias des Cygnes,
 Sweet-bread, a la Toulouse.

Roasts.

Beef,	Wild Turkey,	Killdeer,
Buffalo,	Saddle Venison,	Gray Squirrel,
Gray Duck,	Fox Squirrel,	Sage Hen,
Goose,	Wood Duck,	Crane,
Mallard,	Red-head Duck,	Black Bear,
Brandt,	Canvas-back Duck,	Gray Duck,
Opossum with Persimmon Jelly,		
Butter-ball Duck.		

Pastry.

Persimmon Pyramid,	Cocoanut Pyramid,
American Desert,	Cantelope rum sauce,
Mince Pie,	Strawberry Ice Cream,
Dewberry Jelly,	Champagne Jelly,
Pumpkin Pie,	Pretzels,
Paw-Paw Pies,	Horn of Plenty.

Dessert.

Wild Fox Grapes,
 Black Walnuts,
 Hazle Nuts,
 Butter Nuts,

Bush Cherries,
 Paw Paws,
 Pecans,
 Apples,
 Coffee,

Wine List.

Champagne.

Robinson & Co.'s Dry Verzenay.
 J. Sattler & Co.'s Green Sea Imperial,
 C. H. Haynes' Royal Rose.
 Van Fossen Bros' Gold Seal.
 Linn & Stadden's Sillery Mouseaux,
 A. McDonald & Bro's Monopale.
 J. S. Redfield & Co.'s Dry Sillery.
 Dr. J. H. Couch's Verzenay.
 Dr. B. F. Hepler's Cabinet.
 J. S. Redfield & Co.'s Imperial.

Claret,

Table, Medoc, Floirac, (D. Marie & Freres and
 Brandenburg, Freres), St. Julien, Chateau, Leoville,
 (first quality) Chateau Margux, Chateau Yquem,
 Chateau, Lafitte, Chateau Griscoms.

California Wine.

Angelica, Los Angeles Vintage,
 California, Port, Muscatel and Hock.

Kansas Wine,

Southern Kansas Wine Co.

Imperial, W. T. Campbell's vintage.
 Sparkling Catawba, Spring River Vinyard.
 H. B. Hart's Seedling "Bergunday."
 Still Catawba, (very still, no noise.)

Ale and Porter.

Hack's Imported (Leavenworth) Ale.
 Newberry's London Porter.

Staging in the early days of Fort Scott to Kansas City was quite a trip to make. When roads were good the trip was made in twenty-four hours, but there being no bridges in those days across the streams, when rainy seasons came on it was uncertain when you would get through. The last trip I made on the stage to Kansas City was in the summer of 1868, when the Kansas City railroad was built no farther south than Olathe. George A. Crawford was my travelling companion, and as the weather was very wet we expected it would take us several days to get through. In those days, when going on a trip, we always needed some medicine in case of accident or snake bite. I prepared myself a small demijohn of whiskey, and Crawford, not needing as strong a drink, put up a half dozen bottles of wine. The roads were bad and the rivers high. The first day we got to a station in Linn county, the next day to Osawatomie, and laid up there one day on account of high water. The medical supplies ran out there and we had to lay in a new supply. On the fourth day after leaving Fort Scott we reached Olathe at night, and stopped at old man Laithe's hotel, having been acquainted with the old man in Fort Scott, we were glad to see him; he was so glad to see us he said he would treat, if he had any liquor, and I said: "Laithe, you furnish the water and sugar, and I guess there is enough left in this demijohn to furnish the balance. I brought out my medicine chest and I found there was enough for three good mix-ups, and we had a jovial time and felt happy because we had arrived

at the end of our stage ride. The next morning we went into Kansas City on the railroad. My demijohn being empty I had tied it to my satchel. At that time there was no depot at Kansas City. An old house that stood about where the depot now is, was used for that purpose. We took a 'bus for the Pacific house, on the corner of Delaware and Fourth streets, the leading house at that time in Kansas City. After resting I asked for my baggage, and it was missing. Col. Smith, who kept the house at that time, said to the 'bus man: "You had better look up the gent's baggage." Directly the man came back with my satchel, and as he walked through the office of the hotel he hallooed out: "Here is a satchel and it must be yours, because it has got the Fort Scott card tied to it." The joke was so good that I had to set up the drinks for the crowd.

In the year 1867, I planned and built the court house at Nevada. The same year Charley Drake and I jointly built the business house on the site where his bank building now stands. The building cost some \$16,000. I took charge and built the house and furnished some material, and Charley furnished some also, and each kept a debtor and credit account, and when we came to settle up, after the building was finished, Charley owed me a difference of \$25.00. I think he always thought I got the best of him. The timber in this building was hauled from Osage Mission, and was cottonwood. This building caught fire and burned down in 1876, one Sunday night when Drake and I were at church. Up to 1870, I built about three-fourths of all

the buildings built in Fort Scott. The Gulf house, now extinct, was built late in 1869, and opened a month after the Gulf road got here. From the year 1866 to 1870, I worked some fifty men in my building business, attending to my men during the day and my figuring and bookkeeping and fun with the boys at night, and I was generally the last man seen at night and the first in the morning.

The M., K. & T. railroad was built in here on December 7th, 1870. Just one year to a day after the Gulf. At the time of the change of our town from a stage and ox-team to a railroad town some of us boys, though rather old boys by this time, concluded we must have a club-house to entertain new-comers; so A. McAllister, H. S. Curry, B. E. Langdon, T. F. Robley, Tom Linn, Al. Campbell and myself organized a club and called it the "Joss Club." We entertained quite a number of men of note in Kansas of that date. Among them the Rev. Kallock Rossington, Editor Prouty, Sheriff Lowe, and a number of others. We used to have any amount of amusement, and entertained in royal style. At this time a brother of mine from Illinois made his first visit to Fort Scott, and I said: "Boys, we must treat him royally." Among one of our amusements now and then, I used to give the Indian dance. Now my brother wore a wig, and none of the "Joss" boys knew it, so after we had passed the flowing bowl of refreshments, the boys said: "Charley, you must show your eastern brother the war dance." My brother was seated in the center of the room and the boys seated around the wall,

so, after rolling up my pants and putting a red blanket over my shoulders, and the handle of a feather duster down the back of my neck to make a plume, my face being reddened by the refreshments we had had, I looked a complete Indian, so I went through the corn dance, and the rain dance, and the war dance and others, and at last, as a wind-up, with the scalp dance, and in the twinkling of an eye, I scalped my brother as bald-headed as an egg. The boys in their great surprise gave one howl and rolled off their chairs onto the floor convulsed with laughter. My brother was very much chagrined at my action, but after the emptying of a basket of champaign he became reconciled to the ways of the woolly west. Champaign in those days was not any too good for us.

I could have given many more historical, interesting and amusing incidents of Fort Scott's early days than I have, but my intention was to only issue a pamphlet instead of a book, and still give the reader a good idea of Fort Scott as a frontier town.

Having now written of some of those incidents which occurred under my personal observation, during the era covered by the daily use of the steady-going ox team and rumbling rollicking stage coach, in the city of Fort Scott, and being reminded that I have arrived at that point, in time, when the locomotive and telegraph lines made their advent into our little city, I will close, by extending, on behalf of the Citizen's National Bank of Fort Scott, its best wishes and Christmas greetings to each and all its customers and friends, as

well as the hope from the writer that they may each receive their equal share of this world's goods and happiness, and with the further hope and desire that whomsoever may peruse these pages may do so with pleasure, even though the "Queen's English" and grammatical construction may have been somewhat disfigured by my first, last and only effort to appear in the roll of an author, I am,

Respectfully,

C. W. GOODLANDER.

Christmas, 1899.





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